



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

29

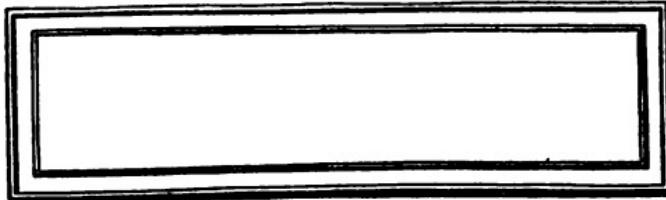


SB 166 368



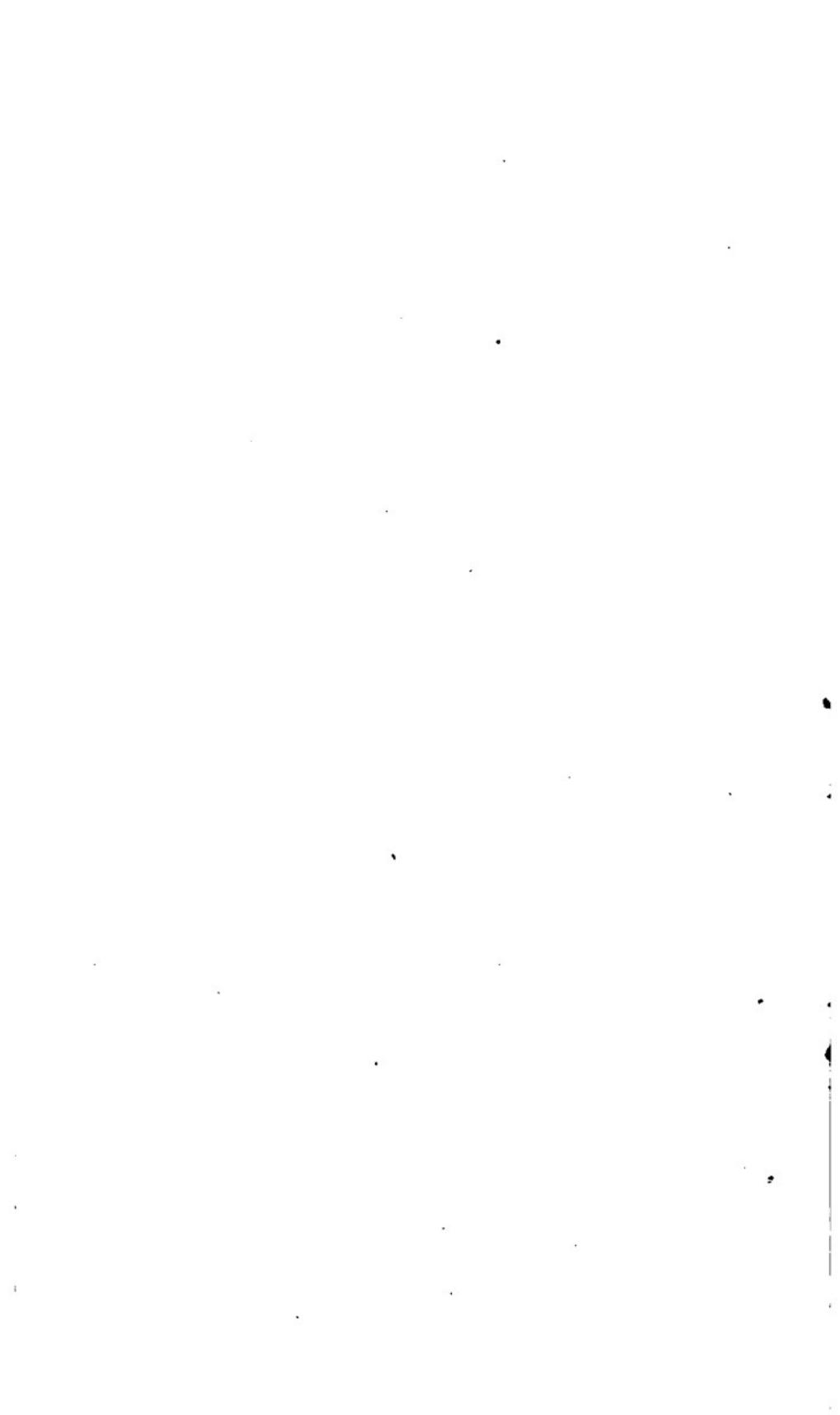
320

2/20. 1.





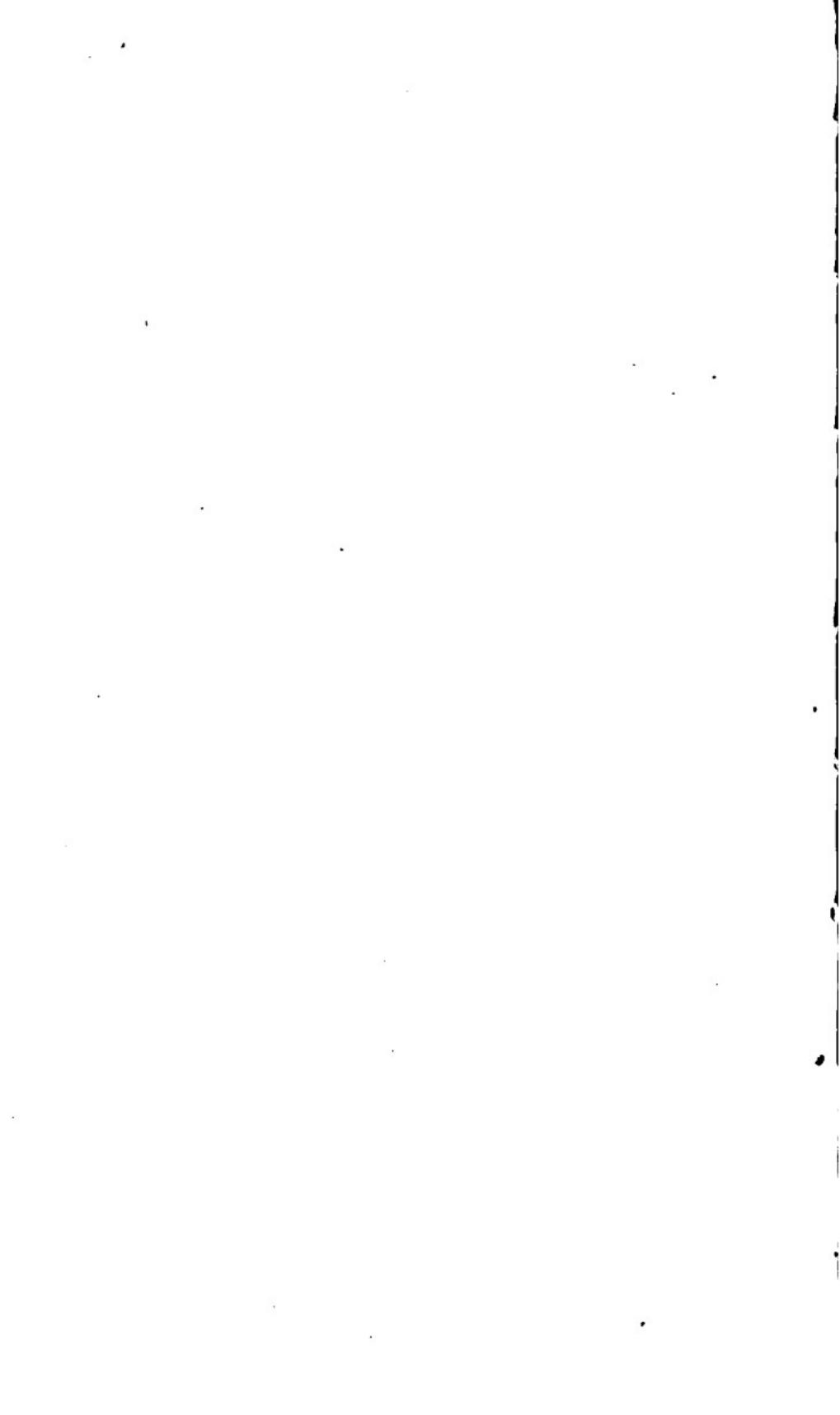
THE VIEW.



THE
V I E W.

BY CHANDOS LEIGH.

WARWICK :
PRINTED BY H. SHARPE, AT THE ADVERTISER-OFFICE.
—
1819.



7.53
1529
✓

THE

V I E W .

THE world has seen strange change ; yet here art thou
Mont Blanc, while generations pass away ;
Thy vast heights glistening with untrodden snow,
On which the sun at eve imprints his ray ;
There lingers yet the mild farewell of day.
The blue lake sleeps below in tranquil sheen ;
There among Nature's miracles I'll pray
To Nature's Deity ; how vast the scene !
The loveliest works of God—the grandest too are seen !

M283523

THE VIEW.

Here from our slumbers light we rise to feel
The consciousness of being ; fresh and free
The soul pours forth its orisons with zeal
To the great Spirit of Eternity
That was, that is, and shall for ever be.

The fertile vallies, giant mountains, prove
The Omnipresence of the Deity ;
Best emblems of his wisdom, power, and love,
Pervading all things here around, below, above.

The golden sun has colour'd all the woods !
Fresh views succeed ; each brighter than the last !
There barren rocks are channell'd by the floods,
Here Flora's beauties cannot be surpast.
Lausanne, an universe of charms thou hast ;
There Winter's fetter'd in his icy bed—
Steeps rise o'er steeps immeasurably vast—
While the rude crags projecting over-head
Strike in the stoutest hearts a momentary dread !

THE VIEW.

Th' ambitious rhododendron climbs the snow,
Pines darken round the mountain's sides, behold,
A thousand rills from icy caverns flow,
Rushing o'er rocks irregularly bold,
Where the tenacious sapling keeps its hold :
Below, the dark stream with collected force
Still rolling on as it has ever roll'd
Through the wide plains shapes its resistless course,
As rude as Ocean's self; as grand as is its source.

Look on these glorious wonders, think of Him,
Lord of a million worlds that have perchance
Greater phenomena, mine eyes grow dim,
With gazing on these heights, as we advance
Now all things seem envelop'd in a trance,
Save when at times the avalanche doth fall,
Startling the ear; still at a vast distance
The masses of thick-ribbed ice appal
The soul, as if they form'd the world's extremest wall !

THE VIEW.

The prospect lengthens, far and far beneath
See cities, mansions, beautifully placed,
While the smoke rises in a frequent wreath
From cottages by greenest arbours graced.

These, like man's proudest works, may be defaced
By war's unsparing hand; but yonder trees,
Self-planted, by thick-woven shrubs embraced;
They with their towering grandeur long will please—
How can the spoiler's axe fell forests such as these?

The buoyancy of spirits, the wild hope
Of something indefinable, the joy
Of giving thus to all my feelings scope,
Feelings, which man's injustice can't destroy;
These bring back former years, and I'm a boy
Joyful as sailor in his bounding bark;
Whose rapid course no sudden squalls annoy;
Wild as the stag that spurns his narrow park,
Light as the young chamois², blythe as the mountain lark!

THE VIEW.

5

Is not the soul immortal? Whence its thought?
Its constant aspirations after bliss?
Its vast capacity for good, if nought
But a fortuitous element it is?
Away, nor preach a doctrine such as this.
For by yon blessed sun-rise there's a road,
Be but our faith unmoved, we cannot miss,
That leads us to that ever-blest abode;
Where Mind perceives all things, not as here, thro' a cloud.

At Vevai lies our Ludlow, there he dwelt,
The patriot exile; there he loved to roam;
There to the Father of all Mercies knelt;
There Freedom woo'd him in her own sweet home,
Presenting to his view an ample tome
Wherein was writ (in characters how true)
That an unyielding spirit doth become
Man, when the many govern'd by the few
Give to their masters praise that to their God is due.

THE VIEW.

Yes, the fresh air that circumfused around
Bids us think nobly, mountains, too, sublime
The soul; the free-wing'd things that here abound,
Tell us that passive virtue is a crime,
When tyrants would destroy the work of time!
Gaze on, thy feelings here will teach thee more
Than doubtful legends, or than lying rhyme;
Gaze on; and Heaven's magnificence adore!
Does not thine heart exult now to its very core?

But gloomy Calvin, how couldst thou prevail,
With thy dark doctrines, and ascetic pride,
Where the ripe harvest smiles along the vale,
Where glows the vintage near Lake Leman's tide,
And all was mirth and cheerfulness beside?
Why didst thou not to northern regions hie,
Or in some dreary wilderness abide?
Why spread thy faith where Heav'n and earth deny
The truths of thy heart-withering creed of destiny?

Yet Genius, eagle-eyed, has dared to raise
The torch of truth on high, and here his few,
His favour'd, sons look'd up, with unblench'd gaze,
On its eternal brightness ; those who knew
The dignity of man and prized it too.
Alas ! to her *, whose philosophic mind
Shew'd more than manly strength, a long adieu !
What, though her thoughts were somewhat too refin'd * ;
She yet was Freedom's daughter—Pride of womankind !

Sweet wanderer ! art thou not happier now,
Climbing the mountain steep with fairy feet,
Thy cheeks carnation'd with health's vivid glow,
Not flushing with the ball-room's impure heat ?
Is not thy simple rural feast, more sweet
Than gorgeous suppers, and the lovely things
That court thy steps, companions far more meet
For Nature's child, than those poor vain worldlings,
Who taint a woman's heart, then pierce it with their stings ?

* Madame de Staél.

THE VIEW.

Thou might'st a model to Canova be
For young Diana, with thy steps of lightness ;
And none of living sculptors, none, save he
Could image forth thy look of angel brightness.
His Psyche's scarce excels thy bosom's whiteness !
Such as thou art, all-beauteous, and all-fair,
Oh, may'st thou never trust the world's *politeness*,
But always breathe with joy as pure an air,
Fresh as is yon wild flower, that shuns the sun's full glare ?

Had man no other duties^s he might live
In yonder vale ; his second Paradise ;
Enjoying all that pure content can give ;
And while he lives, be, without learning, wise,
Winning by silent prayer his heavenly prize.
But this must never be : he can't forsake
His post, though stung by calumny and lies.
No ! rather let him be the more awake !
Give back his foemen blows that he is forced to take.

THE VIEW.

9

It is the lot of all to be reviled,

And who can hope to 'scape that general lot ?

Not I ; the traitor-friend, who lately smiled

And cringed before me, now remembers not

Past favours ; what, are benefits forgot ?

Aye more, not mere ingratitude, bat hate ;

Hate, with his ready sponge, will quickly blot

Out from the memory's tablet sign or date

Of friendship there ; and then hypocrisy will prate !

No matter ; tares will grow up with the wheat ;

And none but knaves deem all mankind the same.

Though in society there be deceit,

Yet *there* prevails the love of honest fame ;

Still on her altars Friendship's holy flame

Burns undiminished ; misanthropes may rail

And sceptics smile, yet many could I name

Whose generous zeal was never known to fail,

Even in the hour of need, but then did most prevail.

THE VIEW.

The true friend's heart as yonder lake is calm ;
Pure as yon snows, but firm as mountain rocks :
His voice is as the glowing morn, a balm
To the hurt mind that's felt the world's rough shocks.
His looks as cheerful as the sun's bright locks.
This high-soul'd being fearlessly will shield
A falling brother from the scorner's mocks.
Oh ! when the book of life shall be unseal'd
How gladly shall his name by Angels be reveal'd !

Evils there are, but many self-created
In this our busy world ; why should we grieve
And murmur at our destiny, when fated
To be alone ; why should we learn to weave
The web of thought too finely, to deceive
Ourselves, not others ; still where'er thou art,
'Mid cities, or near cottages, relieve
The poor man's wants, thou wilt perform thy part
Well on the stage of life, and blunt e'en envy's dart !

Adieu, sweet country ; of Helvetia's wrongs,
Even in my childhood, have I thought, and wept
When the war-cry was heard, where late the songs
Of Innocence spread mirth around ; where slept
The child securely ; where the goat-herd kept
His flocks untroubled, then the spoiler came,
Treading in innocent blood where'er he stopt—
Hell's horrid offspring—Anarchy his name :
Affecting Freedom's voice fair Freedom's cause to shame.

Had France no Washingtons, Timoleons then
To point the way to Virtue's temple ? read
The latest records of Corinna's pen *
And Gallia's woes will make thy bosom bleed.
The plant she nourish'd was a poisonous weed ;
Her friends were foes, none prized the golden mean ;
Each wild lawgiver had his separate creed ;
All spoke in vain, the soldier rush'd between,
Th' imperial consul's pomp then closed th' eventful scene.

* Madame de Staél.

THE VIEW.

All things have their alloy ; go southwards on,
See Italy, with varied landscapes gay,
A waste of sweets ; the sun ne'er shone upon
A lovelier country, with a brighter ray ;
Her very winter's softer than our May ;
What are its natives now ? but imps from hell
Peopling a Paradise⁶ ; though kinglings pray,
Those who degrade the human mind, as well
As Satan's self, 'gainst God's high purposes rebel !

Great Loyola ! how well thy sons succeed,
Dwarfing man's intellect to tread him down !
Tis not enough that he must toil and bleed
To win for fellow-man, perchance, a crown ;
But Superstition scares him with her frown.
Poor wretch, to beg, to flatter, stab, or steal ;
Such are the vices Jesuits spare, alone
He loves ; alas, to whom shall we appeal ;
Oh ! when will monarchs learn to prize the general weal ?

Here is Religion rob'd in rich attire,
To please the eye, not meliorate the heart ;
Her pageantries, her glittering shrines, inspire
Devotion, in which *moral*s have no part.
Does God delight in works of human mart ?
He heedeth not the labour of man's hands ;
He loves a soul devoid of guile and art ;
Fear him, and love him, honour his commands,
But his all-perfect state no earthly pomp demands !

Quick are the Italian's feelings, prompt to wrong,
Why may they not be then alive to good ?
In this sweet land of Music and of song,
The powers of the mind cannot be rude.
What then doth cause revenge, and acts of blood ?
The vivid spirit that delights the muse,
Not the less willing, when she's fiercely woo'd ;
Those impulses, how dangerous their abuse,
Which when directed well heroic acts produce :

'Twas here the light of science first broke forth
Amid the Gothic gloom of former ages ;
Strange change, that light's diffused throughout the earth
Yet Barbarism's evil genius rages
E'en in a country long since famed for sages.
Invasions, civil wars, the jealous strife
Of princes, sully here th' historian's pages.
Awake, Italia's sons, awake to life ;
Throw off your foreign yoke, but scorn the inglorious knife.

Where Mind to marble gives a living grace,
Where Music's inspiration's fully felt :
Where Poetry all passions doth embrace
In language form'd to rouse the soul, or melt.
Where too the Muse of painting long has dwelt,
Can there be wanting courage-wakening men
Who have not to imperial tyrants knelt ?
Be what ye were in ages past again,
Brave Milanese ; the spoilers must re-seek their den.

And he who mid dark cypresses, and urns²
Mourns o'er the buried mighty ones, in verse
Plaintive as nightingale's sweet song, he burns
T' avert from Lombardy's fair plains the curse
Of foreign slavery; what plague is worse?
In vain Bologna boasts her learned youth;
In vain Firenze is of arts the nurse;
The prisoner hates the light, and lovely truth
When seen and not embraced heightens our woes in sooth.

But Leopold's kind genius yet presides
O'er rich Etruria's gardens, there is man
Comparatively happy; there resides
Smiling Content, though short may be the span
Of life, when princes do what good they can
They live for ever, not in marble busts,
While the poor subject's looks are pale and wan,
Not in some courtly verse that lauds their lusts,
But in that general wealth the stranger ne'er distrusts.

Th' exuberant produce Ceres here brings forth,
For *here* if husbanded she cannot fail,
Shews him at once the patriot monarch's worth ;
The numerous houses studding hill and dale,
The fattening olive with its leaves so pale,
The cheerful peasantry, for years must pass
Ere laws that tend t'improve mankind can fail
In doing good, though scarce observed, alas !
Honor his memory more than monuments of brass.

I dream not of Utopias, nor a race
Of patriot kings ; men may be bettered yet ;
If power be but administered with grace
Let monarchs shine in robes all gorgeous ; let
The statesman boast his star and coronet ;
But as for those who first insult and scorn
'Then catch within their Machiavelian net
The freeborn mind, though diadems adorn
Their brows, they hardly rank 'bove knaves ignobly born.

O Italy, rich in thy wood-cover'd mountains ;
Thy rain-bow crown'd falls, and their ever-green fountains ;
Thy skies in the thunder-storms even are bright,
With the rapid effulgence of rose-coloured light ;
Thy shores do embrace, with their vast arms, the deep,
On whose blue tranquil bosom the sun loves to sleep ;
While silvery mists round its islets are gleaming,
And gauze clouds along the horizon are streaming ;
And Horace yet lives near his favourite hill
The delicate air breathes his poetry still ;
Thy temples decay, still their ruins are seen,
Half grey through old time, or with ivy half green ;
The fig-tree, pomegranate, pinastre, and vine,
The blossoming almond-tree's blushes, are thine ;
But thy heroes are dust, and thy spirit is fled,
And the last of thy warriors, the White-Plumed, is dead.

Amid rich orange-trees, whose beauteous fruit
Glows like the western sun with deepen'd hue ;
Where carelessly the southern plants up shoot,
Their green contrasting to the sky's deep blue ;
Think ye to find Arcadian fables true ?
Vain hope ; pale misery sallows every face,
Yet still to Nature's works full praise is due ;
Oft in the peasant's wretched looks ye trace
Some lineaments unspoil'd as yet of manly grace.

Such were my thoughts when fast from Ischia's isle
The little vessel bore me, as the glare
Of noon-day soften'd itself down awhile,
A passing breeze o'er Baiae's bay so fair,
Gave a delicious fragrance to the air.
Sunny Neapolis, thy loveliness
Of clime, thy fruitage, thy luxurious fare,
Pamper thy sons with sensual excess ;
Thy daughters dream of nought save lustful wantonness !

THE VIEW.

19

Here all is strenuous idleness ! the hum
Of men, like children bustling about nought :
The bawling mountebank, and frequent drum
Are glorious substitutes for troublous thought ;
While business is unheeded and unsought.
Here to the last they whirl around ; the bier
Bears to the grave some noisy trifler caught
By death ; the world's epitome is here ;
The sight provokes a smile, yet mingled with a tear.

Give Italy *one* Master ; she will thrive
Again, and triumph in her countless stores :
But bigots with their dead'ning influence drive
Wealth from her lands, and commerce from her shores ;
While Heaven its choicest gifts in vain out-pours ;
When Monks, in locust-swarms, oppress the soil,
When the vile spy of Government explores
The people's wealth ; th' industrious will not toil
To enrich their *pung* Masters with a greater spoil



ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

THY wooded hills, Firenze, castle-crown'd
In beautiful luxuriance rise around :
What sweetly-blended hues enchant the sight,
As the sun 'gins to soften down his light !
On houses, olives, vineyards, crags he glows,
All Nature woos him as he smiles repose.
The purple-colour'd Appenines appear
Like fairy-mountains painted in the air.
Wild o'er the fertile vale where Arno flows
The Queen of beauty's sacred myrtle grows.
Gonsalvo to his Lara could not be
A firmer friend than Henry was to me.
O ! what is love by poets deified,
Compared with friendship in all dangers tried.

Could not this balmy clime restore thy health
Where Nature boon has lavish'd all her wealth ;
Alas ! consumption gives a sickly hue
To wood-crown'd hills, rich vales, and skies of deepest blue !
Busy Remembrance ! why call up in vain
Those happy nights that ne'er will come again ;
When in our mock-debates young Henry's mind
Shew'd a ripe judgment, and a taste refin'd.

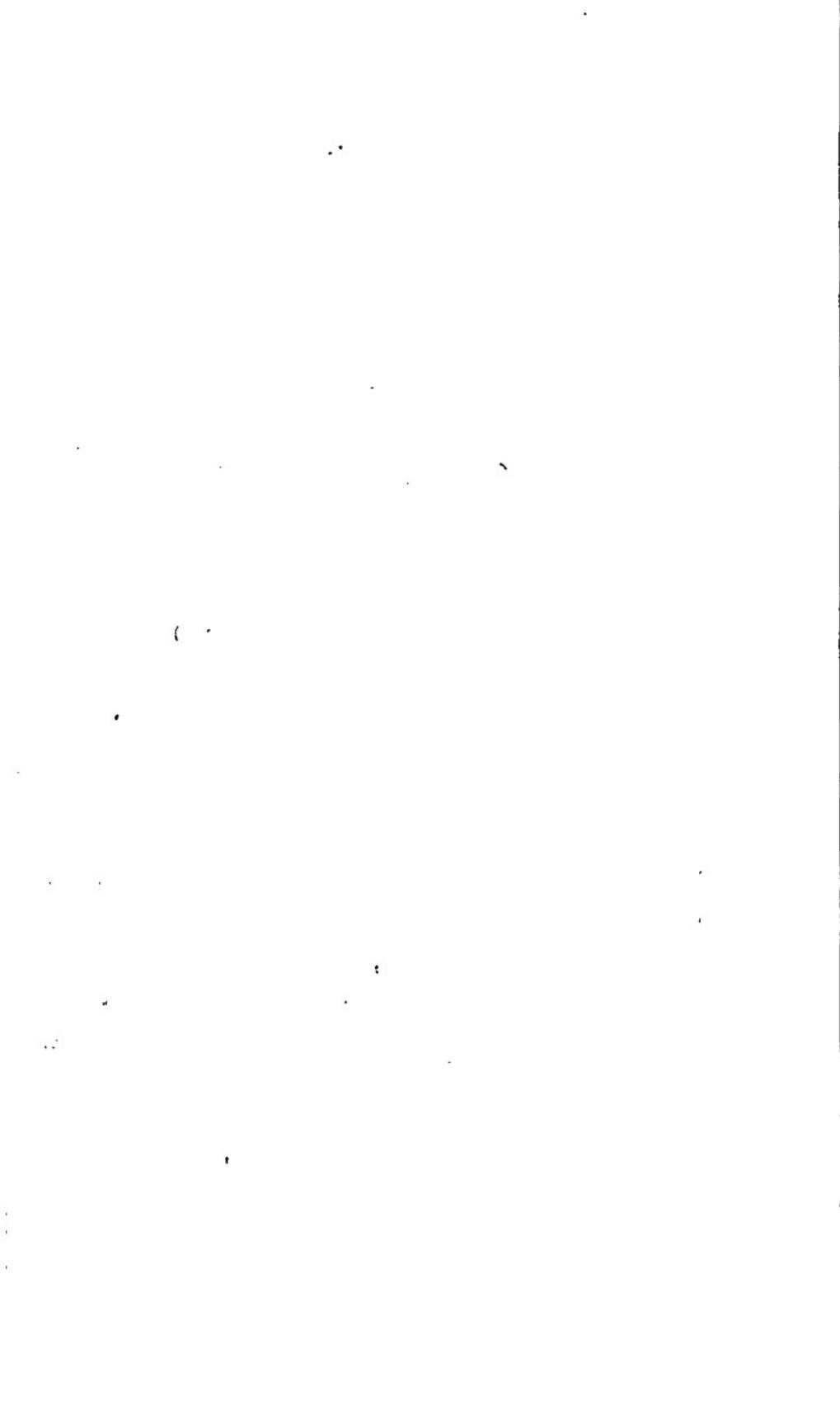
FLORENCE, October 2.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

AT

CHAMOUNI.

THOUGH I might visit scenes which shew
The littleness of pride ;
Mountains whose heights, o'ertopp'd with snow,
Man's vent'rous foot deride ;
Though on the master-works of art
Intensely I might gaze,
Till words do but express in part
The fullness of amaze ;
Or o'er the ashes of the mighty dead
Half-credulously, half sceptically, tread ;
Still, England, still my mind will dwell
On thee, and those I love as well !



NOTES

TO

“THE VIEW.”

(¹) This little Poem (*if such it may be called,*) was written in the Autumn of the year 1818, during a tour through Switzerland and Italy.

(²) “*Light as the young chamois.*”

The chamois is an animal remarkable for its activity in scouring along the craggy rocks, and in leaping over the precipices. It is a species of antelope, though Linnaeus has classed it in the goat genus under the name of *rupicapra* or mountain-goat.—Coxe’s *Travels in Switzerland*, Vol. I. Letter 29, Page 343—44.

(³) *But, gloomy Calvin, how could’st thou prevail?*

Calvin was born at Noyon, in Picardy, in the year 1509. He first studied the civil law; afterwards retiring to Basil, he turned

NOTES.

his thoughts to the study of Divinity, and published there his *Institutions*, which he dedicated to Francis I. He was made Professor of Divinity at Geneva, A. D. 1536. The year following he prevailed with the people to subscribe a confession of faith, and to renounce the Pope's authority; but, carrying the matter a little farther than was agreeable to the Government, he was obliged to retire from Geneva, upon which he set up a French church at Strasburg, in Germany, and was himself the first minister of it. But the Town of Geneva inviting him to return, he came back thither in September 1541. The first thing he did was to settle a form of discipline and consistorial jurisdiction, and he gained himself many enemies by his inflexible severity in maintaining the rights and jurisdiction of his consistory. He was a person of great parts, indefatigable industry, and considerable learning. He died, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, in 1594.—BOUGHTON'S *Dictionary*, article *Calvinists*.

(^t) "What though her thoughts were somewhat too refin'd."

Madame de STAEL.

I allude to her Third Volume of her "*Allemagne*," and to her Philosophical works. Her last work (*Reflections sur la Revolution Françoise*) has no theoretical refinements whatever. Her language is sober and correct, though sufficiently energetic; and her ideas, if I may so express myself, quite *English*.

(*) "*Had man no other duties.*"

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees its adversary; but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."—MILTON's *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*.

(6) "*What are its natives now but imps from hell peopling a Paradise?*"

This is the character an Italian gave me of his own countrymen. All are not such, however. Italy, trampled upon and degraded, still may possess many men of virtue and spirit; but in the present state of things, what can *they do* towards ameliorating the condition of their countrymen? "The victim by turns of selfish and sanguinary factions, of petty tyrants, and of foreign invaders, Italy has fallen, like a star from its place in heaven; she has seen her harvests trodden down by the horses of the stranger, and the blood of her children wasted in quarrels not their own; *Conquering or conquered*, in the indignant language of her poet, *still alike a slave*; a long retribution for the tyranny of Rome."—HALLAM's *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, Vol I. Page 255.

(^r) "Be what ye were in ages past again, brave Milanese."

The efforts which the Milanese made to resist the tyranny of Frederic Barbarossa, may rival the noblest exertions of the Spartans or the Athenians. See Sismondi *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*, Tome ii. *passim*.

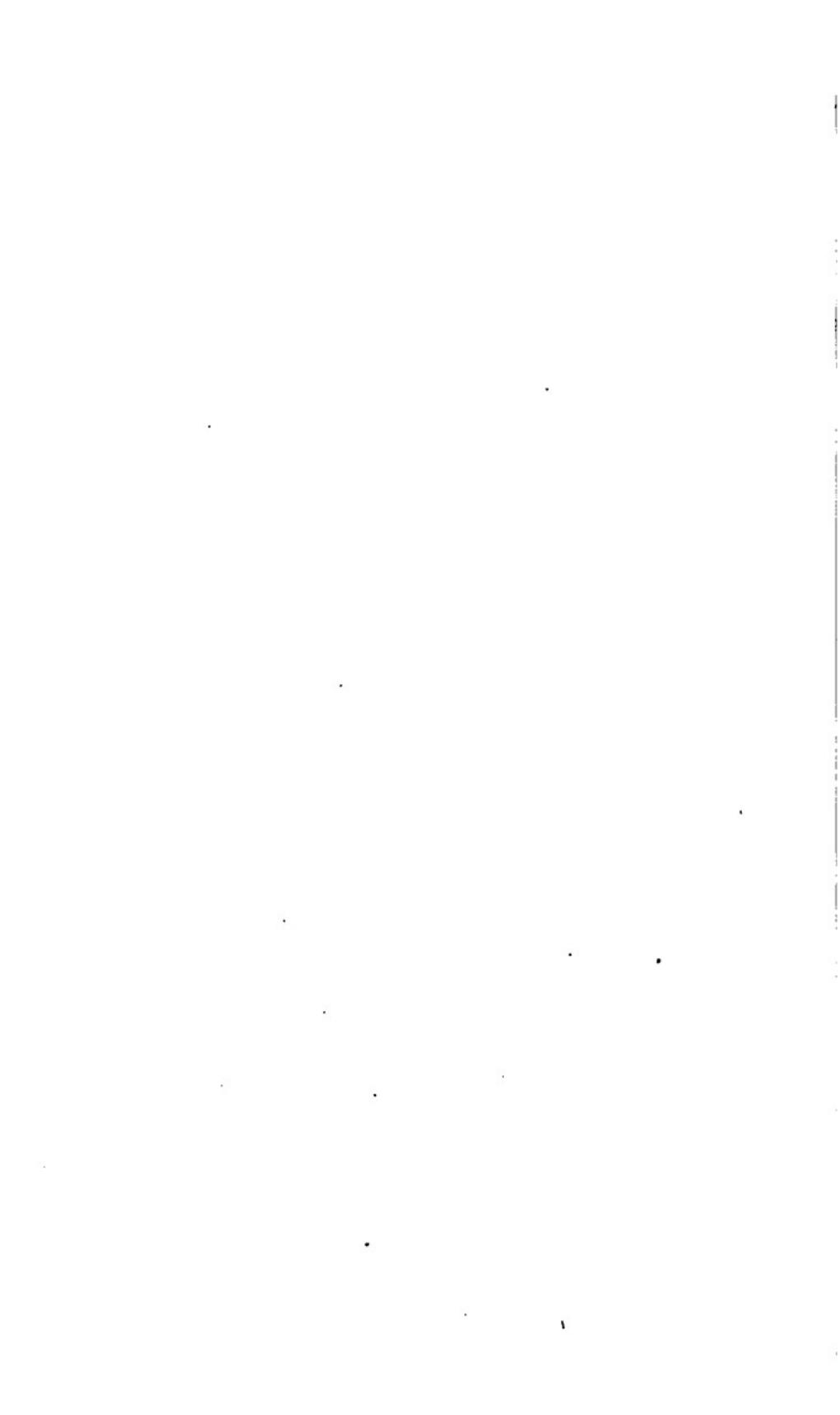
(^s) "And he who mid dark cypresses and urns."—Ugo Foscolo.
See his "Carme de' Sepolchri," and his "Lettere di Jacopo Ortis."

THE END.

Denton Leigh

POESY ;

&c.



P O E S Y;

A SATIRE:

With other Poems.

BY CHANDOS LEIGH.

Hic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina lana est,
Rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus,
Phyllidas, Hypsipylas, vatum et plorabile siquid,
Eliquat, et tenero subplantat verba palato.
Adsensere viri; nunc non cinis ille poetas
Felix? non levior cippus nunc imprimet ossa?

PERSIUS, SAT. I.

One clad in purple not to lose his time
Eats, and recites some lamentable rhyme:
Some senseless Phillis in a broken note
Snuffling at nose, or croaking in his throat:
Then graciously the mellow audience nod
Is not the immortal author made a god?
Are not his manes blest such praise to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
And roses, while his loud applause they ring,
Stand ready from his sepulchre to spring.

DRYDEN.

WARRICK:

PRINTED BY HENRY SHARPE, AT THE ADVERTISER OFFICE.

1819.



PREFACE.

THERE never was an age more prolific in mushroom fortunes, and mushroom poets (though they do not often go together) than the present. We are every where elbowed by bank directors, East-India-directors, nabobs, and hundreds who have accumulated large fortunes by the war, high taxation, and the diseased and artificial state of things which they have produced. The poor wish to level all distinctions. The rich have no sympathy with the poor, but only think of balls, hot rooms, shoulder-knots, knighthoods,

and turtle-feasts. Our poets are, for the most part, either time-servers, or demagogues. Nothing is now considered as respectable but wealth.

Protenus ad censum, de moribus ultima sicut
Quæstio, quot pascit servos, quot possidet agri
Jugera, quam multa magnaque paropside coenat?

Corruption generates atheism, wantonness, avarice, fortune-hunting, covetousness, and a thousand more amiable virtues.

Even at this beautiful season of the year, when Nature is smiling every where, when the delicate foliage of the trees, the varied melody of the birds, the rich garniture of fields, the clearness of the heavens, the “flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,” must awaken in us the most vivid feelings of delight;—even at this time, many pre-

fer the artificial attractions of a drawing-room in Greville-square to all the natural charms of the country. They only imagine May through the medium of ballets or sonnets ; they do not condescend to look about for themselves, or to suffer their feelings to have full play. They are continually asking, What are they doing in the city now ? I tell them what they are doing, in the words of honest Lucia ;—Nothing ; they only pilfer, cheat, and swear as usual, take usury and weigh their farthings. Why should the good *Squires* renounce the charms of their country-houses, and associate with the money-getting tribe of Levi, to be robbed and laughed at by them ? The Author of the following Satire is no republican. He wishes to see a capable ministry, a sober court, an independent body of country-gentlemen, and a happy peasantry. He has no taste for private scandal, he only condemns generally the follies and vices of this refined age. A

warm constitution, an eagerness of disposition, may extenuate the follies of the boy, but never can justify the vices of the man. It is not, however, by feeding the diseased taste of the people, who have now such a strange appetite for *slander*, that a reform, either in morals or politics, can be effected!

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet!

May 26th, 1819.

P O E S Y ;

A Satire.

GODS ! what a swarm are here ! the motley crowd
Of bards, and jack-daw bardlings chatter loud !
Yes ! I will vent my spleen, though others know it,
Though M——y sends forth every year a poet !
While scribbling dandies from St. James's-street
To Portman-square the Byron's name repeat !

Each rides his Pegasus in furious mood ;
And seems to “ labour with th' inspiring God.”
Some sing of storms, and battles hardly won,
Of dreadful deeds in eastern climates done !

Oh fools ! to build your houses upon sand,
Your verses will not buy an inch of land !
Learn then some useful art, nor think to gain
Your daily bread by chanting a love-strain.
The beauteous *Margherita* cannot give,
Though kind to thousands, wherewithal to live.
Youth withers, still ye linger on the stage,
Befool'd in youth, and beggar'd in old age.
Cool thy o'er-ardent zeal, for few will read ;
When hundreds fail, one rhymster *may* succeed !
The richest are the wisest in our days ;
Unportion'd Genius has but slender praise.
“ Put money in thy purse,” and thou shalt be
In all things wealthy with all men—but me.
Homer was but a mendicant, 'tis said,
The Muses' is, at best, a thriftless trade ;
Twill starve a bard while living, and when dead
He sleeps unlaurell'd in his turf-heap'd bed !

How grand are those who dream of awful forms
“ Girt with the whirlwinds, sandall'd with the storms !”

These earthly thunderers build up their world ;
 They must destroy it ; how ? a comet's hurl'd.
 Lightnings flash forth, and earthquakes rock the ground,
 Till all their senseless terrors end in sound !

O Phoebus ! favour those who love thy light ;
 Whoan roses, grass-plots, fleecy clouds, delight :
 Who moralize in gardens till they find
 More wit in cabbage-stalks than in the mind !
 Yet many of our noblest bards have sung
 " In honour of the laurel ever young."

I am no Poet, let the glorious crew
 Strive to be lauded in their own review :
 I wish not to be number'd with the blast
 In Holland-house, or Berkeley-square carest.*

A prince is married : now, ye Southeys bring !
 Your loyal odes ; ye lesser poets, sing !
 Knee-worshippers of royalty, ye trace
 In every courteous smile a matchless grace.

Patrician fribblers flutter near the court,
When —— are buffoons, 'tis glorious sport.
There Talavera's poet may outshine
Scott, and old Wharton rival Byron's line.

Our lordlings think that they support the state ;
Their shoulders bear the world's incumbent weight !
Fools ! while they chant this pride-creating lay,
Kingdoms and states are hast'ning to decay.
The monster Superstition, lov'd by kings,
Broods o'er half Europe with her murky wings,
While faith is spurn'd, and heroes break their word
Who govern less by law than by the sword !

Spirit of Aristophanes illumine,
With but one ray of light, the solid gloom
That thickens all around us, and expose
The mighty-mad in poetry and prose.
One fool pretends that what he dared to write
Some ill-advising friend has brought to light.
Another is abused, and says, " tis time
To vindicate my character in rhyme."

A third *has* faults—the candour of his muse
 Must, for his follies, make a full excuse.
 All write to print, and be review'd, and then
 Lament their rashness ;—yet must write again.¹³

Parnassus has its Anti-Christs, and hell¹²
 Is with our atheist-bardlings peopled well.
 What ! will they fear not the Eternal's rod ?
 Unwhipt of justice do they scorn their God ?
 Chance governs all ; is this your Christian creed ?
 Is man no better than a mere sea-weed ?

Through you, through you corruption eats its way,¹³
 Consuming healthy hearts day after day ;
 Obscene male-syrens, ye can smile and smile,
 And lead us to a precipice the while.
 Ye cannot moderate your own desires,
 Why fan in other breasts unhallow'd fires ?¹⁴
 With what o'er-labouring zeal these Ovids toil
 To fever up the passions till they boil !¹⁵
 True Poesy is of celestial seed,
 In former times she shew'd her noble breed.

Philosophy's fair mother and her nurse
Not the mere spawn of sentiment, or worse.
First-born of light, from Heaven Urimia came,
To soothe the fierce affections, not inflame.
The fathers of the art were sure the best ;
Mere servile imitators are the rest.

I pass by those who study for a name ;
To whom a title-page and book's the same ;
Who talk at dinner to make ladies stare,
Of lewd Boccacio, why, because he's rare !

Philosophers, such always have they been,¹⁶
Unwash'd, uncomb'd, unshav'd, unshod, are seen.
The dirty hue that's o'er their features spread
Gleams like the ghastly paleness of the dead !
From "morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,"
They laugh alone, gesticulate, and grieve !

Now for the scandal-mongers of the day,¹⁷
Who fain would lie our characters away.

A SATIRE.

17

Vile chroniclers of vice, do ye pretend
By half-forged tales the virtuous to befriend ?
Ye write for pelf, no matter, if for bread ;
Better to starve than be by falsehood fed !

Beware, ye youths, beware of Cantwell's art ;
Lies on his tongue, and malice at his heart.
Behold the foul he-gossip ; let him pass,
This would-be lion is at best an ass.
The spirit of a scold, a pot-boy's wit,
The self-detected hypocrite befit !

Mark ! in these times how talent is despised,
Scandal is read,¹⁸ and Haslitt hardly prized.
Rob-Roy dilated; on the stage attracts
Crowds, while in vain the perfect Dowton acts.
Our Sheils and Soanes, sublime in verse and prose,
Mad tragedies, and melo-drames, compose.

The country, with its infinite delights
At morn and eve, is left for London nights ;

The melody of birds for harlot's throats,
 The flow'ry meads for 'broider'd petticoats ;
 The pensive pleasures of a moon-light walk,
 For squeezes, waltzes, and unmeaning talk.
 The landlord hurries from his country seat,
 Where 'mong his tenants he is truly great,
 To waste his useless wealth 'mid scenes of vice,
 On horses, women, snuff-boxes, and dice ! 19

What shall we call thee, Fashion ? ape of apes,²⁰
 Thou Proteus goddess with a thousand shapes.
 The votaries of Almack's and French plays
 (While Kean's forgot) lavish on thee their praise.
 Well may they worship thee, thou dost dispense
 With wisdom, judgment, wit, and common sense.
 Let Dandies bring their offerings to thy shrine,
 Wear stiff cravats, "cut" friends, be vastly fine.
 The servile herd may own thy changeful sway—
 Thy laws are too refin'd for me t' obey.

"Great wits to madness sure are near allied,"
 This well might gall our intellectual pride : ²¹

Else why when "Senates hung on all he spoke,"
Did Canning venture on an ill-tim'd joke ?
Risk, for a moment's laugh, his well-earn'd fame,
That 'gainst him boys and witlings might declaim ! ²²
Some say for office that e'en Peel's unfit, ²³
That Castlereagh wants firmness, Canning wit.
These are your party spirits, such I hate ;
They might as well of Newton's weakness prate.

Say rather truth, that trampled nations cry
For vengeance on wide-spreading tyranny ;
That Draco-lawgivers offenders strike,
For murder and for forgery alike ;
That laws are wrested from their just intent ;
That men beneath oppression's yoke are bent ;
That heartless senators to pamper wealth,
Would blight in infancy the bud of health ;
That avarice all-grasping grinds the poor,
To squeeze from o'er-work'd hands one penny more :
That usurers, contractors, jobbers live
In splendor, nay, that vile informers thrive ;

That dark-brow'd methodists throughout the land,
'Mid canting converts hurl sedition's brand ;²⁴
(Since their own pastors will not shew the way,
The uninstructed from the path must stray)
That from a lust of pleasure, hate of worth,
A thousand modern Wilmots take their birth ;
That, amid scenes of revelry we meet
Wretches, pale, famished, dying in the street !²⁵
That savage critics with a merciless zeal,
Themselves unfeeling, mangle those who feel !

The time is come that poets have foretold,
The blessed age of paper, not of gold !

Revive the May-games, ye fat-acre'd squires,
And make your peasants happy, like your sires.
O let their pressing wants your time engross,
Read Pope, and imitate the Man of Ross.



NOTES ON “POESY.”

** Gods ! what a swarm are here ! the motley crowd
Of bards, and jackdaw bardlings chatter loud !*

Quis expedivit psittaco suum Χεροε
Picasque docuit verba nostra conari?

** Though M——y sends forth every year a poet !*

A well-known fashionable bookseller, a wholesale and retail dealer in Venetian, Turkish, and Persian Tales. Goldsmith's *Traveller* is worth all the “hundred tales of love” and villainy put together.

** To Portman-square the Byron's name repeat !*

Lord Byron is undoubtedly the first poet of the day. When all the adventitious advantages, which his poetry has derived

from his singular character, fashion, and from the strange association of ideas that has been made between the poet and the man, shall have been removed, as they must be removed by death; (may he long live to gather fresh laurels for himself, and to give delight to his readers) enough of fame will yet remain to place him in the first rank of those writers who have delighted, astonished, though, perhaps, they have not improved, mankind !

** When poets love to deify a w——e:*

The greater the talents of the poet, the more dangerous his relaxed doctrines. Passion is strong enough in all conscience ! Why should our epicurean poets be continually feeding it with their high-seasoned dishes ? Why endeavour to improve upon our old favourites, Lucretius and Catullus ? They are superior to, and quite as atheistical and immoral as our modern writers !

** Their half-form'd bantlings scarcely see the light !*

Sundry trash (alias satires) have lately been published. What a delightful employment it must be to rake up the

secrets of the brothel-house for the instruction of the rising generation. The author of the before-mentioned Satires deserves the thanks of the "Society for the Suppression of Vice."

* *Cool thy oe'r ardent zeal, for few will read.*

The author here addresses himself to a young dinnerless and supperless poet, who has more wit than wisdom, and who is ambitious of climbing the steep where "Fame's proud temple shines afar," but who is ill-provided for the journey; and he shews him where in one bed two shivering sisters lie, viz., Poverty and Poetry! Alas, poor Burns! He asked for bread—and we now give him a stone.

* "Put money in thy purse."

Money will do every thing. It would transform a tinker's daughter into a woman of fashion: may it not get for her a ticket for *Almack's*, where

The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance

are chiefly confined to Patricians? Well might Jupiter have visited Danaë in a shower of gold!

* *O Phæbus ! favour those who love thy light.*

From Chaucer to Wordsworth our best poets have indulged in fine and fresh descriptions of the country and its beauties. The author is no enemy to such descriptions. They ought now to be much encouraged, as a set-off against the Leadenhall attractions of this money-getting age. But they may be too minute, and may indispose the mind for great and necessary duties. After all we must acknowledge with Pope the truth of the well-known line—

The proper study of mankind is man.

9 *In Holland-house, or Berkeley-square, carest.*

The noble and fair Mæcenases of the day deserve every praise. The beauty, sprightly character, energy, and liberal spirit of Lady —— are known to all those who have the pleasure of an acquaintance with her. As to Lord ——, it is sufficient praise to say that he has that amenity of manners, and generosity of character, which so highly distinguished his celebrated uncle. Poets are often reviewers. What

disinterested judges must they be of each other's productions. Yet most men submit implicitly to the dogmas of reviewers. The number of those who take the trouble of judging for themselves is very small indeed!

It is opinion governs all mankind,
 As wisely as the blind that leads the blind :
 For as those surnames are esteem'd the best
 That signify in all things else the least :
 So men pass fairest in the world's opinion,
 That have the least of truth and reason in 'em.

BUTLER'S *Remains.*

* * A prince is married ; now, ye Southey's, bring.

Mr. Southey should not write Birth-day Odes, otherwise we shall forget his masterly poem, *Rhoderic, last of the Goths*. Mr. F—— writes too much in the same strain. This is the declamation of Poetry. Mr. Croker has written a spirited thing, called *The Battle of Talavera*, but it is not equal to the battles in *Marmion* or *Rokeby*. Mr. Wharton is inferior to his namesakes, although he would endeavour to make us believe that he is an epic poet !

11 Lament their rashness; yet must write again.

In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect :
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue
 Each prais'd within is happy all day long !

POPE.

12 Parnassus has its Anti-Christ and hell.

It matters little, as far as the individual is concerned, whether God is worshipped in churches or in fields; but in turning the world topsy-turvy, let our sublime writers remember that there is a strong word which has not yet been expunged from our Dictionary, it is—BLASPHEMY.

Persist by all divine in man unaw'd,
 But learn, ye dunces, not to scorn your God !

13 Through you, through you corruption eats its way.

" It is to this side I look with the greatest apprehension. The plague with which we are threatened, will not begin like that of Homer, with inferior animals, among dogs and mules, but in the fairest and choicest part of the creation; with

those whose fineness of texture makes them weak, whose susceptibility most exposes them to contagion; whose natures, being most excellent, are, for that very reason, capable of becoming most depraved; who being formed to promote the happiness of the world, may, 'when strained from that fair use,' prove its bane and destruction; retaining, as they will still do, much of that empire which Nature intended for them, over the minds and faculties of the other half of the species."—*Windham's Speech on the Peace of Amiens.*—This may be the consequence of publishing many licentious poems. Those who do not desire such a dreadful moral revolution in the world should pause before they write, and consider whether the *innocent recreation* of writing a few verses "to Delia or Chloe," may not be more criminal than they imagine it to be; whether glowing thoughts are in themselves quite innocent, and whether such sports are not dangerous to the moral principles of their Amandas. Cowper, in his *Table-talk*, has severely, (perhaps too severely) condemned the amatory writers.

¹⁴ *Why fan in other breasts unhallowed fires,*

¹⁵ *To fever up the passions till they boil!*

There is a poet of the present day, whose exquisite satire, patriotism, beauty of imagery, and sweetness of versification;

whose brilliant thoughts, as thick "as the gay mote that people the sunbeam," must delight all those who read his productions. Would to God that he had never lent a grace to vice. Well might he exclaim with Spenser—

Many lewd lays (ah, woe is me the more)
In praise of that mad fit which fools call love,
I have in heat of youth made heretofore ;
That in rash wits did loose affections move.

36 Philosophers, such always have they been.

What with your criticisms, lay-sermons, and metaphysical reveries, the press is sadly *be-deviled*. You give the poor lectures, bibles, every thing but bread. You write long, very long dissertations on the poor-laws in your academical retreats, and turn up your noses at the sight of a mud cottage. Fine theorists! Amiable companions of Malthus and Co. You affect great concern for the morals of the poor, you declaim most lustily against a cricket-match on a Sunday evening, and yet you discourage marriage. You complain of emigration, and yet squander away your time in Paris or London, or slumber it away in your libraries as useless as the metaphysical lumber that fill your shelves.—Away with this

vauseous canting about mistaken benevolence! I ought, however, to except from this general condemnation, the Dissertation of Mr. Davison on the Poor-Laws; it unites the sagacity of a Smith to the eloquence of a Burke!

17 Now for the scandal-mongers of the day.

There are a numerous herd of scribblers who exist by relating scandalous anecdotes of personages in high life. Though ephemeral they are not harmless. They every where generate distrust and suspicion. These wretches take delight in destroying the happiness of private families. What right have they to be the inquisitors of domestic life? What right have they to expose the follies of young men, to gratify the spleen of the malignant? Let them expose the harlot vice uncased in all her ugliness; but let them not rake up anecdotes which ought now to be forgotten, which are often false, and when the persons of whom they are told have ceased to exist, or have become honest members of society.

18 Scandal is read.

"Especially in this age of PERSONALITY, this age of literary and political gosseipping, when the meanest insects

? Wretches, pale, famished, dying in the street ?

May I be forgiven for quoting these admirable lines of Goldsmith ?

If to the city sped—what waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe !

Deserted Village.

Let any man take up that exquisite poem, the "*Deserted Village*," and he then will see that almost every line in it, is applicable to the present state of things in this country. Goldsmith was a bad politician, but he had the feelings of a man. He was no bigot, much less a trading, hacknied, canting philosopher.



INVITATION

TO

The Banks of the Avon.

IN IMITATION OF MOORE.

THIS is the balmy breathing-time of spring ;
All Nature smiles, and Mirth is on the wing ;
The sun is shining on this lovely scene,
Gladd'ning, with light, the meadow's tender green ;
Studding the waters with its lustrous gems,
More brilliant than ten thousand diadems.
Beautiful Avon !—how can I pourtray
Thy varied charms, where'er thou wind'st thy way :
Now through the sunny meads,—now in the glade
Thou sleep'st, beneath the wood's o'er-arching shade.

The "sedge-crown'd" Naiads, from their cool retreats,
Welcome my lov'd one, with their gather'd sweets ;—

We cull'd these flowers at break of day,

Take, oh, take them, lady fair;

Fresh in the light of the morning ray,

They glisten on thy nut-brown hair.

Merrily, merrily in the trees,

The birds are merrily singing—

While rose-buds are opening,

And fruit trees are blossoming—

How clear—how musical

Is yonder waterfall !—

Oh, God ! how glorious is the genial ray

That issues from thy "Light of lights," to-day !

Now seek we, my love, yon green-flourishing wood,
That long in theatric luxuriance has stood,
Where paths intersect its dank moss-covered steep,
And above's a turf gallery ample and deep ;
Their temples with ivy and oak-apples crown'd,
See, the wood-nymphs advance, now they all dance around ;

Their leafy adornments now rustle and play
 With their light limbs as briskly they foot it away:

Come—beneath yon bowering tree
 We've prepar'd a couch for thee ;
 Such a couch was never seen
 Even by our chaste-ey'd queen ;
 Dione never laid her head
 On such a spring-embellish'd bed.
 Has Galatea's bosom heav'd
 Beneath a beech more richly leav'd ?—
 We have rifled of their flowers
 All the many-colour'd bowers ;
 Sweet to us are thy beauties rare,
 But sweeter the scent of vernal air ;
 Sweet is Cytherea's breath,
 But fresher, far, is Flora's wreath.

Thy voice, like the harp of Arion, may please,
 But give us the murmuring hum of the bees.

By Pan, thou art a sylvan fairy,
 As light, as elegant, as airy ;

With thy tresses loosely flowing,
And thy well-turn'd ankles showing ;
Now we place a leafy vest
O'er thy " gently-budding " breast ;
While virgins bring their coronets
Of pearls, and blue-vein'd violets.
Showering flowers as is most meet,
Before thy neatly-sandall'd feet ;
While fragrance-breathing zephyrs bless
Thy cheeks with passing freshness.

— 'Tis night !

And SHAKSPEARE, near this river, gazed upon
 The lovely moon, that now as softly smiles
 Upon the stream, as if Endymion
 Was bathing there ;—Shakspeare, the kindest, best
 Of casuists, who knew humanity,
 Nor deem'd the gravest the *elect* of Heaven !—

See, there 's “ high graced” Oberon,
 Prince of fairy land,
 A moving throne he sits upon,
 The sceptre 's in his hand.
 All-glorious his attire,
 With jewels powder'd o'er ;
 Each with his silver lyre,
 The minstrels go before :—

As dazzling in their cars,
 As numerous, as stars
 That in Cumana's clime
 Fall by thousands at a time ;
 With their winglets as profuse
 As the humming-bird's of hues ;

The light-encircled queen
 Now trips along the green ;
 As beauteous as the rose,
 Which white lilies enclose.

DIVES LOQUITUR.

IN Imitation of a GREAT Poet.

“Ecce iterum Crispinus.”

Had I the wit of Newstead's noble bard,
 I'd sacrifice it all, again to be
 The child I was, when on that smooth green swad
 I drove my hoop along with mickle glee,
 Or climb'd, with eager haste, yon cherry-tree.
 Happy are those who need not e'er regret
 The long-past days of careless infancy ;
 Whom *friends* have ne'er betray'd, nor knaves beset,
 Who never have been caught in woman's subtle net.

Of this enough,—the storm has ceas'd to rage ;
 I live—but how, it matters not,—I live—
 All, all is vanity—thus spoke the sage ;
 Yet there remains one pleasure—'tis to give ;
 With some, 'tis pouring water through a sieve :
 An endless folly, an excessive waste,
 To feed their drones, these lordlings rob the hive ;
 They waste their wealth on fools or dames unchaste ;
 Or gems, or jewels rare, *these children* have a taste.

Dives had feasts at home, and many came
 To see the strange inventions of the night ;
 Minstrels were in his halls, resembling flame,
 The colour of their robes was very bright,
 Ladies were clad in silk, all lily white ;
 While burgundy, from golden goblets pour'd,
 Freshen'd the heart of man with new delight,
 And boon companions gather'd round his board ;
 Pledging the frequent health of their all-liberal lord.

But what is Dives now?—a misanthrope—

A snarling cynic, basking in the sun;
O'er-charged with lust, he gave his passions scope;
A self-tormentor now his course is run,
Mingling with fellow men, yet loving none.

Divine Clarissa calls on him in vain—

Though fools have robb'd thee, do not therefore shun
The sad retreat of penury and pain:—
Sullen he stalks apart, and eyes her with disdain.

What wert thou born for, denizen of earth,

To laugh and grieve as suits thy wayward will;
Scoffer—the soul will have a second birth;—
Awake the song—the sparkling goblet fill;
Drown, in thy wine, all thoughts of future ill.

There is another world!—then be it so—

Of this already, have I had my fill!—
“This will not save thee—this fantastic woe:
Thou know'st not, wretched man, where thou art doom'd
to go!”

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE BODIES OF TWO BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN, CAST AWAY NEAR MILFORD.

IN Imitation of Coleridge.

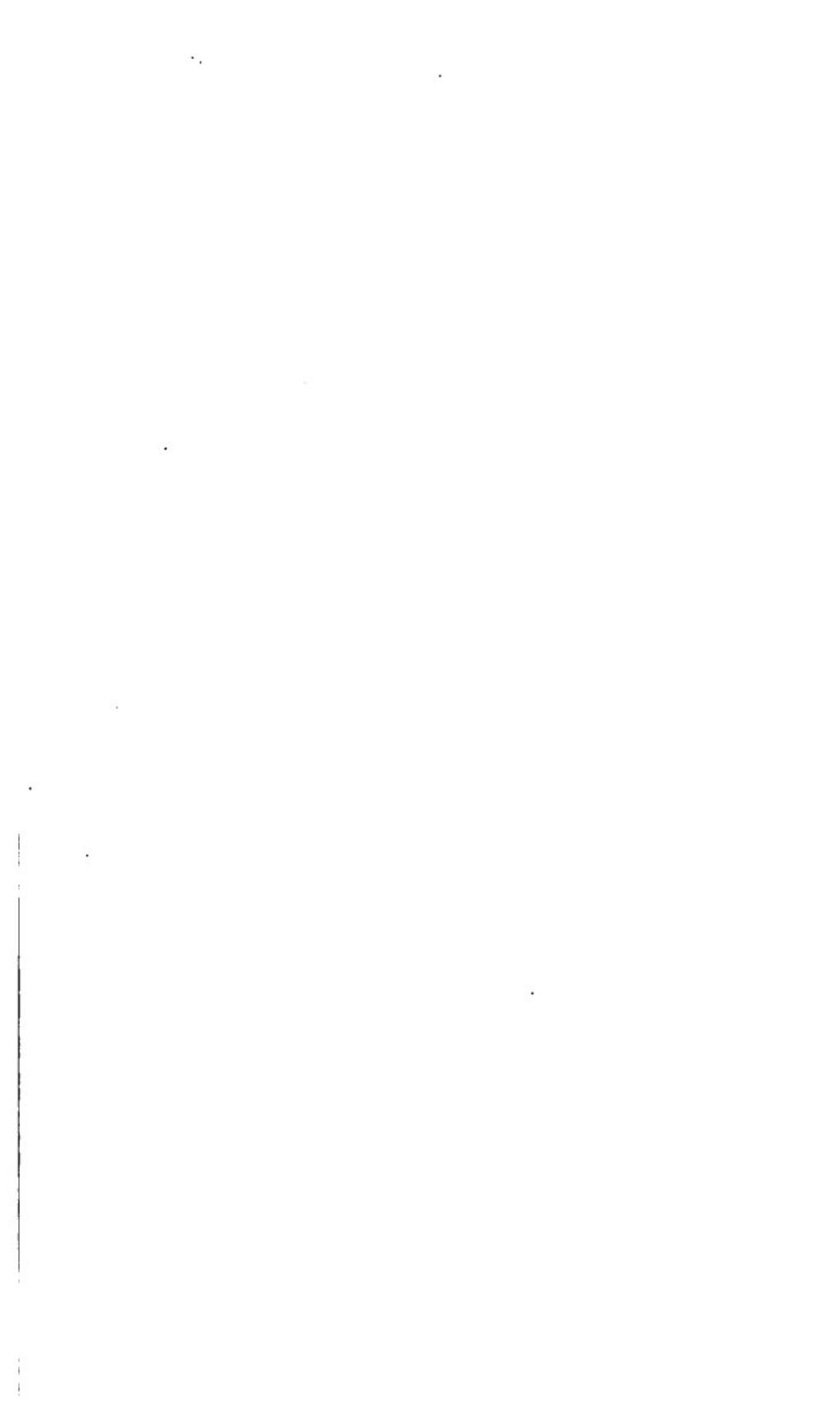
A dreary waste of snows around
O'er-spread th' inhospitable ground ;—
The storm-blast scarce had ceas'd to roar,
There lay two corpses on the shore.
Thou, pamper'd Lecher, come and see
These shapes, so oft embrac'd by thee :—
What—does it shame thee ?—look again—
These were once women, aye, and vain ;
Rock-bruis'd and mangled now, they seem
More horrid than a ghastly dream.

Now kiss their livid lips, and bless
Their fragrant stench, sweet rottenness.
The gay gold rings bemock their fingers,
Where not one trait of beauty lingers ;
But, like the shrivell'd star-fish, lie
Their hands in sand, all witheringly.

We start to see this loveless clay,
Uncoffin'd, rotting fast away ;
Yet, we can bear the noisome pest,
Vice, gathering, black'ning in the breast.

•

THE END.



FOURTEEN DAY USE

RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

25 JUL '55 S

23 Aug.

AUG 4 1955 [initials]

YC159515

M283523 953
L529

v

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

